

courteous and polite. Did you in the country? How unlike every Butter just churned; cream just made; zinc pans; bread of the purest kind; eggs brought from the nest by the cheeked country girl in attendance; smoked shad of their own curing; and quinces from their own garde-manger; and a keen appetite, give to greater attractions than the sumptuous board, spread by fashion for the nobility.

ed on a piazza, with a bottle of sparkling wine, he began thus—"You thought so—dear to every consideration and makes life desirable, and on the high fortune almost gone, and his health failed. Gunning, you may remember, sport: one day I walked over bogged through fog and quagmire, in the sun, until the shades of night encompassed me, and a light gleamed from the circled casement of this very cottage, when, with my pointer dogs crouched at the entrance, with intense interest at the scene before me, I sat down at the old man, whom I at once recognized as our revolutionary war; at the door, was seated, reading to him by the broad light of an astral lamp, a creature more beautiful—her face, her eyes, her long eyelashes closed; and when she read book before her, her coral lips were sweet as balsam, riveted me to the spot with rapture must have her, said I, shall she be allowed to 'waste in the desert air?' I'll carry her off, and conceal her at one of my old houses and bodes of the town will envy me to read to the old man the substance of the book of Isaiah; her voice was clear and her face beamed with fire and gold," said I to myself, "let us go over; what will become of her old will the old soldier do when I have her child? he, who has shed his blood for we are enjoying. No master: yet I never—not can I give her up." At this said her head, threw aside the raven hair, her high arched forehead, and toward the casement. How like a dog like a demon I felt. I cannot marry a country girl, and I am a gentleman; the world will only laugh at me! A gentleman! I repeated to myself; for me!—it is the province of a gentlewoman to be a serpent, at night, under the eaves—twin round this innocent destruction is complete—to bring her grave in misery, venting curses on us and destroy all the happiness I see. If this is the act of a gentleman, of a man, I am not one; no, thank Heaven, I only trust to reason and to virtue; no, I; the rose of health and beauty, and bell bloom upon her face. Let the soft fops deride—let fashion frown—let me discard—she shall be my wife, my wife!" Well, sir, you have seen her; to recount how I wooed and won her, truly, and how sincerely and truly been ever since. I seldom visit the I have more powerful attractions at labor alternately, and realize the well governed, well regulated marriage." on for all fashionable fops and decayed all of instruction and example! what a precipice! what a change from the early and unbroken grave, to all the blessings of a well-spent life!

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June 17.

DR. REESE'S REVIEW

JAY'S INQUIRY into the Character and Conduct of the American Colonization and Anti-Slavery Society for sale by D. H. ELA.

CRIMES OF THE HERALD.

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EPICETUS, the moralist, was born a slave, but became the boast of the stoical sect of philosophers, and the intimate friend of the best Emperors of Rome.

FERGUSON was a shepherd's boy, but raised himself to the honor of the first astronomer of his age, one at whose lectures George IV. attended.

MURRAY was a shepherd's boy, but he became one of the first instructors of mankind.

BROWN, the author of the Commentary, Concordance, and Bible Dictionary, was likewise a shepherd's boy.

POPE ADRIAN was the son of a barge builder, at

ZION'S



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BENJ. KINGSBURY, JR., EDITOR.
ASSISTED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF GENTLEMEN.

David H. Ela, Printer.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

WALKING BOTTLES.

NOT A FICTION.

MR. EDITOR.—It is somewhat surprising to behold the stratagems resorted to by the vendors of "liquid fire," to prosecute their plans. It really appears that many drunkard makers task their brains in forming inventions to shun the restrictions of the license law.

The following circumstance transpired a few weeks since, of which I have received direct information.

In the town of G——, upon the banks of a pleasant river, somewhere in the state of C——, the keeper of a "drunkery" is licensed to retail spirituous liquors in all quantities to suit purchasers, but has no right

to allow the drinking of *any* within his walls.

Two more lovers of the "hydra monster" entered the apartment of this priest of the "rosy god," and after the usual salutation, called for a little of his poison. The priest soon drew it from the brazen snout of his hooded friend, and then asked for "their bottles." Instead of drawing from their pockets the drunkard's brandy flask, they turned back their heads, and showed the *os extermum* of their gullets. The sprightly priest was not to be outwitted by this unusual act of devotion at his altar; but seized his tunnel, and placing its tube in the gaping mouths of his welcome parishioners, turned a portion of this damning spirit into those walking bottles, to be carried out of the store.

A new stratagem this to avoid drinking in a store;

to evade the force of license restrictions, and fill up the customers' BOTTLES.

SCRUTINY, JR.

C——, June 30, 1835.

The devil is full of inventions. But he sometimes over-reaches. He most certainly did in this instance.—EDITOR.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

"TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES OPPOSED TO LIBERTY!"

This has been remarked by the friends of anti-temperance; and that we may see its truth, I quote an extract from the Advocate and Journal of the 26th instant, which says:—

"In the United States it is supposed that 2,000,000 persons have already ceased to use ardent spirits. More than 8,000 temperance societies have been formed, supposed to embrace more than 1,500,000 members. More than 8,000 merchants have ceased to sell, and 4,000 distilleries to make it, and more than 12,000 drunkards have become temperate. All this and more is the influence of these societies; but let us review it. Here are two millions of persons, by the influence of temperance societies, have ceased to use a little of that which is so essentially necessary for laboring men, to keep them from the inconveniences of the cold, heat, &c.; and more than one million five hundred thousand of these have become bound, and given their liberties up to the temperance societies; and about eight thousand of these societies exist in our free States. Drunkards, awake! our craft is in danger." But again; eight thousand merchants have ceased to sell, and four thousand distilleries to make it, and consequently more than sixty thousand of our frenemy are thrown out of business, and driven into the open field—Nebuchadnezzar like to seek a living with the beast. Is not this opposition? But what is more than all the rest, twelve thousand innocent drunkards, who were daily in the habit of laying up their hard earnings at the grogshop or tavern to keep their families from spending it, are now compelled to spend it in clothing and educating them, while he himself appears more like a man than a brute!"

If these things are so (and they cannot be denied), can we not see the justice of the charge, and does it not devolve on every rum-loving freeman to be awake to the subject?

Lamprey River, June 28, 1835.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

It is the testimony of almost all literary biography, that intellectual greatness is most commonly found at first in obscurity and poverty. In the higher walks of life, where the pleasures and honors of opulence pamper the sensuality, and flatter the vanity of the mind, it is incapable of those high aspirations which lead to intellectual eminence—while in poverty and obscurity it is dependent upon its own resources. It must remain unhonored, or rise by the might of its own energy. It acquires in such circumstances one quality, at least, which lies at the foundation of all true greatness of mind, viz., a noble sense of self-dependence.

The question is a natural one. My husband, I confess, is not graceful in appearance, not attractive in his conversation. But he is so amiable! And goodness, although less fascinating than beauty or wit, will please equally, at least, and it is certainly more durable. We often see objects, which appear repulsive at first, but if we become accustomed to them, we at length not only view them without aversion, but with feelings of attachment. The impression which goodness makes on the heart is gradual; but it remains forever. Listen, and I will tell you how I came to marry my husband. I was young when he was introduced for the first time into the house of my parents. He was awkward in his manner, uncouth in his appearance, and my companions used often to ridicule him, and I confess I was frequently tempted to join them, but was restrained by my mother, who used to say to me in a low voice, "He is so amiable!" And then it occurred to me that he was always kind and obliging; and whenever our villagers assembled together for our fêtes and dances,

tended a charity school at Louvain, and being too poor to purchase candles, used to read in the church porches, and at the corners of streets, where lamps were burning. He became so distinguished for his attainments as soon to become preceptor of Charles V., who elevated him to the Papal chair.

TERENCE was an African slave, but raised himself to such an elevation that the haughty consuls of Rome courted his society.

FRANKLIN, the printer, became one of the first philosophers and statesmen of his age.

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY, the son of a wood carver, and the apprentice of an apothecary, became the first chemist of his times.

COLUMBUS, the sailor, left a new world for his memoirs.

ROGER SHERMAN, the statesman of the American revolution, was a shoemaker.

HERSCHEL, the great astronomer, was a British soldier in Nova Scotia, and commenced the study of astronomy while watching at the sentry posts at night, and has fixed his name among the stars.

SHAKESPEARE was a butcher when young.

SAMUEL LEE was a carpenter, but became a professor of Hebrew in Cambridge University, England.

ADAM CLARKE was the son of a country schoolmaster, but rose to be the first Biblical critic of modern times.

ROBERT HALL was the son of a poor dissenting minister; he rose to be one of the most splendid ornaments of the British pulpit, and the best writer of the English language.

CUVIER, the greatest of modern naturalists, was the son of a pensioned soldier, and a charity scholar at college.

PAIDEAUX, the author of the "Connections," and Bishop of Worcester, could not be kept at school by his poor parents, longer than to learn to read and write, and he obtained the rest of his education by walking to Oxford and obtaining employment in the kitchen of Exeter College.

The following lines were sung by the members of the Baptist General Convention, in Richmond, Va., when an Indian preacher of the Cherokee nation was introduced to that body.

he was always at the disposal of the mistress of the house, and was profuse in his attentions to those whose age or ugliness caused them to be neglected. Others laughed at his singularity in this respect, but I whispered to myself, "He is so amiable!"

"One morning my mother called me to her boudoir, and told me the young man, who now my husband, had made application for my hand. I was not surprised at this, for I already suspected that he regarded me with an eye of affection. I was now placed in a dilemma, and hardly knew how to act. When I recollect his ill-favored look, and his awkwardness, I was on the point of saying, 'I will not wed him'—and I blushed for him, which is a strong proof that I even then felt interested in him; but when I recalled the many traits in his character, and dwelt on his benevolent and good actions, I dismissed the idea of banishing him from my presence. I could not resolve to afflict him, and I whispered to myself, 'He is so amiable!'

"I thanked heaven that I stumbled next to a right person, and was introduced into an ill-lighted room, with one deep window looking upon the court, and a fireplace like that of a country inn—the state chamber of the unfortunate Mary. Here was a chair she embroidered—there was a seat of tarnished velvet where she sat in state with Darnley—the very great at the chimney that she had sat before—the mirror in which her fairest face had been imaged—the table at which she had worked—the walls on which her eyes had rested in her gay and melancholy hours—all save the touch and mould of time, as she lived in it and left it. It was a place for a thousand thoughts.

The woman leant on. We entered another room—her chamber.

A small, low bed, with tattered hangings of red and figured silk, tall, ill-shaped posts, and altogether a paltry look, stood in a room of irregular shape; and here, in all her peerless beauty, she had slept. A small cabinet, a closet merely, opened on the right, and in this she was supping with Rizzio, when he was plucked from her and murdered. We went back to the audience chamber to see the stain of his blood on the floor. She partitioned it off after his death, not bearing to look upon it again—"poor Mary!"

On the opposite side was a similar closet, which served as her dressing-room, and the small mirror, scarcely larger than her hand, which she used at her toilet. Oh for a magic wand, to wave back upon that senseless surface, the visions of beauty it has reflected!—N.Y. Mirror.

"I continued to visit me, encouraged by my parents and caressed by my smiles. My other admirers, one by one left me, but I did not regret their absence. I repeated the expression, 'He is so amiable,' so often, that it seemed to me to carry the same meaning as 'He is so handsome.' I loved him and took him for my husband.

"Since then I have not only been resigned to my fate, but happy. My husband loves me devotedly, and how can I help loving him, 'He is so amiable!'"

There is something exceedingly touching in this love which beauty entertains for goodness, and there is no doubt that some women love from a feeling of benevolence, or tender compassion, regulated by reason. Such an affection will know no change. It has a firm basis, and will endure through life.

The following lines were sung by the members of the Baptist General Convention, in Richmond, Va., when an Indian preacher of the Cherokee nation was introduced to that body.

[From the Religious Herald.]

THE INDIAN'S APPEAL TO AMERICAN CHRISTIANS.

I dwell with the tempest, I'm rocked by the storm, No pillow of luxury came I to crave; Sole lord of the brute, in whose furs I am warm'd— Yet pity the red man, ye sons of the wave.

[From the Religious Herald.]

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THE INDIAN'S APPEAL TO AMERICAN CHRIST

Biographical.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

MR. THOMAS GREEN.

Died in this city, May 20, 1835, MR. THOMAS GREEN, aged 50 years and 7 months.

For many years Bro. Green had been a respectable member of the Methodist Episcopal Church in this place. His were united many excellencies which strongly endeared him to his friends. In his transactions of a business character he was distinguished for uprightness of conduct. Perhaps few men in his sphere of action have had a greater share of public confidence, and none more deservedly. His industry and constant attention secured him not only a competency, but placed him in easy circumstances.

As a Christian, he was uniform in his attentions to public worship. Rarely was his place vacant in the house of God on the Sabbath. Nor was he less strict and punctual in his family and private devotions. Whoever might be present, he always kept up prayer in his family, morning and evening, and daily retired to commune with God in secret. For several months before his death he was more deeply engaged in the service of God than formerly. In his class he spoke and prayed with strong feelings, and seemed to be setting out new heaven.

Bro. Green was diffident and retiring in his manners, and was not as forward and active in social meetings as his gifts would have authorized. He esteemed others better than himself. He was remarkable for his mild and peaceful disposition. He deservedly had many personal friends, and those who knew him best esteemed him most.

Among the many amiable traits in his character, his love of domestic life was conspicuous. He loved his home and family, and seldom was absent. His wife and four promising children feel deeply the loss of his affections, counsels, and prayers. As a husband and father, few men have been more deservedly loved and respected. But the time had arrived for this dear family to be separated. The first Sabbath in May, Bro. Green attended public worship as usual, though suffering from a slight cold and rheumatic pains. At the sacrament Bro. Kent officiated, and it was a very solemn and impressive season. At the close of the services he remarked, "that he was strongly impressed, that some who were present, would never be there again on such a similar occasion." This was true of Bro. Green. Though he had a strong and vigorous constitution—had seldom been confined by sickness—yet death was near at hand. For a number of days following the Sabbath he was indisposed, but not so seriously ill as to suppose it necessary to call in medical aid, till within less than a week of his death. But the decree had passed, and no medical skill could save him. He died with inflammation of the throat. He was calm, peaceful, and resigned to death. To his wife, when parting with her, he said, "Bring up the children in the fear of the Lord." To his only son Thomas, about 13 years of age, he said, "Be a good boy and serve the Lord, and be good to your mother." He then sweetly fell asleep in death, and we trust has gone to enjoy the heavenly rest. His family, church, and society, have lost a valuable friend. Let all prepare to go after him, where parting and death are never known.

D. FILLMORE.

Boston, July 8, 1835.

Miscellaneous.

LOVE AND CONSTANCY.—A Neapolitan being at work in a field bordering on the sea-shore, his wife, who was at some distance from him, was seized by the corsairs of Tunis, and carried on board their vessel. The Neapolitan threw himself into the sea, swam to the ship, and entreated the Captain to take him in. The good man well knew he would be sold as a slave and the consequent misery and hardship he should undergo; but loves to the object who had hitherto shared in his labors, and enjoyed with him the fruit of his industry, predominated over all other sensations. While the Turks were astonished at his temerity, he continued supplicating to be taken on board; he told them while they were holding him, "We have," continued he, "long shared happiness, and we can bear misery together; grant us only the consolation of being sold to the same master, it is all I ask; deny me that, and one grave will, I trust, soon contain us." The Turks, admiring the man's affection, on their return, told it to the king of Tunis, who being pleased with this singular instance of conjugal fidelity, not only gave them their liberty, but each a place in his palace.—*Halycon Luminary.*

A CONVERT TO TOTAL ABSTINENCE.—A Fact.—A friend of temperance called on a drunkard, when sober, and urged him to sign the pledge of abstinence from ardent spirit.

"What is the use—you drink wine, doctor, don't you?"

"Why yes, a little."

"And beer and cider too, don't, you?"

"Yes."

"What do you drink them for?"

"Why—why—why—re—really—I drink them because I love them."

"Now doctor, that is honest—you drink wine, cider and beer, because they intoxicate you a little—I drink whiskey because it intoxicates me immediately, at small cost, in a small dose. Could I afford it, I would willingly unite with your society, which I consider an organization to get drunk on wine, cider and beer. There was our person, last Sunday, preached a grand temperance sermon against intoxicating ardent spirit, and then went home and consigned himself after his efforts, on intoxicating wine. No, doctor, I will not join your wine, cider and beer drinking society—it won't do for me—but form a society to suit my situation and means, to drink whiskey, and you may command my name."

The doctor, from that time forward, abstained from all intoxicating drinks.—*Temp. Ind.*

IF I WAS HE.—If I was a farmer, I would devote my whole attention to the cultivation of my farm, clothe and feed my servants well, take care of my stock, mend holes in my fences, take a fair price for my produce, and never indulge in idleness and dissipation.

If I was a lawyer, I would not charge a poor man five dollars for a few words of advice.

If I was a physician, I could not have the conscience to charge as much as they do for feeling the pulse, extracting a tooth, taking a little blood, or administering a dose of calomel and jalap.

If I was a merchant, I would have an established price for my goods, and not undersell or injure my neighbors. I would sell at a moderate profit, giving good weight and measure, and deal as honestly as possible.

If I was a mechanic, I would apply myself industriously to my business, take care of my family, refrain from visiting taverns and grog-shops; and when I promised a man to have his work done by a certain time, I would endeavor to be punctual.

If I was a young buck, I would not run as many ridiculous capers as some of them do—playing with watch chains, flourishing with their rattans; stamping on the pavements with their high-heeled boots [probably not paid for] and making remarks on worthy people. They render themselves contemptible in the eyes of the sensible and unassuming.

If I was a young lady, I would not be seen spinning street yarn every day, ogling this young fellow, nodding at another, and giving sweet smiles to a third—sometimes having three holes in one stocking and two in the other.

If I was an old bachelor, I would make every exertion in my power to get married.

And finally, Mr. Printer, if I was one of your useful and respectable profession, I would never refuse publishing a piece like this.

N. B. If I was a subscriber to a newspaper, more

particularly such a "valuable" newspaper as you publish, I would pay for it like an honest man. If I was not a subscriber I would subscribe for it immediately, and to save trouble, comply with the terms.—*V. Y. Budget.*

A VISIT TO THE AMERICAN CHURCHES.—A narrative of the visit made to the Presbyterian and Congregational Churches of this country, by the Rev. Drs. Reed and Matheson, as a deputation from the Congregational Union in Great Britain, has recently been published in two volumes in London.

Dr. Reed is the principal writer; and as his tour was extensive, his acquaintance large, and his mind awake and attentive, to all things, there is much in the narrative which, independently of its interest to religious readers, belongs to the domain of the general reader. Some extracts of this character are annexed.—*N. Y. American.*

CHAMBER OF REPRESENTATIVES.—Our first concern was to visit the Capitol and become acquainted with the Congress, and our friend was anxious to secure to us every advantage. The Chamber of Representatives is always regarded as the chief object of sight. It is indeed highly imposing. It is a very large room, with its roof sustained by 24 fine marble columns of grand dimensions. The President or Chairman, has a raised and canopied seat in the center of the straight line, with mere glitter about it than you would find about the British throne; and the desks and seats of the members diverge from it in radiating lines. A gallery runs behind the pillars through the course of the half circle. The general impression was not on the whole pleasing. Less than one-third of the place was occupied, and the empty space and large proportions of the room give a diminutiveness and insignificance to the persons present.

There was not much of interest in the House at the time. But I heard one speech that was certainly long and that was considered to be good.—The speaker rose from the desk, his speech lay written before him, delivered it, however, without much reference to the document, and with a strong voice and energetic manner. But it was all a forced effort, and of necessity it was such. No one listened to him and he seemed to expect no one to listen. It was understood by both parties that he was using the house as a medium of speech to his constituents across the Alleghanies; and they seemed content to have it so. It is in this way that the floor is occupied here for two or more days together; and that the most important business of the State is postponed or neglected, while the house is afflicted with speeches which none will hear, and which are meant to be pamphlets that, with few exceptions, none will read.

TRENTON.—The Senate Chamber is of far less size, and of no pretensions; but it was well adapted to its uses, and therefore gives the eye satisfaction. All the interest, too, at this time, was here. The larger house had agreed to sustain the President in his measures against the Bank, but in the Senate some strong resolutions had been adopted against them. The President sent down a protest on the subject, and the excitement was raised to the highest. The occasion called up all their best speakers; and if they spoke with less preparation, they spoke under those present impulses which throw out a man's best thoughts in his best manner. It was really a fine opportunity.

BOSTON ASYLUM AND FARM SCHOOL.—In compliance with the invitation of the Directors of this Institution, we stepped on board the General Lincoln last Thursday, and were soon landed on Thompson's Island. The building in which the boys reside is of brick—very large—and (but who can account for taste?) painted dark green, making it look at a distance like a prison. This is the only objection we have to any part of the establishment. The house is well and conveniently planned. It contains a large Hall for recitations, another spacious one in which to dine. The boys set their own tables, and stand while eating. They are marched in military order in and out.

In school they study the common English branches.

The farm is in excellent order, and well stocked. The boys love their work, and exhibit much ambition to excel.

The following statement we find in the Report of the Directors:

The proposition of a Farm School, for the more extensive rescue and education of idle and morally exposed children in our city, grew out of the facts,—that the Asylum for Indigent Boys, which has long been one of our favorite and most valued charities, was intended principally for orphan boys; that it did not, and could not, extend its charge to viatitated children of twelve and fourteen years of age; and that it could not give employment to any of the children under ten years; and that our Home of Industry, a municipal institution, resides, and can receive none except those who shall be convicted of habitual offences, and who shall be sent to it by a court of justice. A number of gentlemen in the city were very desirous that an institution should be established here, to which children either already corrupted, or beyond parental control, and greatly exposed to corruption, and of any age,—and a surrender of them having been made by their parents or guardians,—might be sent without the intervention of a legal conviction and sentence; and which such employments might be pursued by the children, who, but the shameless refugees from the altars of decency and truth, aspires not after the reputation of a temperance man—*as he understands it!* It is not more difficult for man to serve God and Mammon, at one and the same time, than for a minister of the Gospel to continue his indulgence in the use of wine, and at the same time lay claim to the reputation of a thorough-going temperance man: and in our poor opinion, it is of little consequence in this connection, whether the wine he employs be Old Madeira, or some such "certified" wine as was of sufficient strength to intoxicate Noah, Lot, and Belshazzar, and the primitive Christians, around the table of their Lord.

We shall proceed, in our next number, to examine the arguments of Dr. Sprague.

THEOPHILUS.

THE ANNIHILATION OF THE CHURCH.—Satan might thunder for ages against the walls of Zion, and they would stand immovable; but there is danger from another source. The Perfecticons, of whom we have had occasion to speak, have not formed themselves into a distinct sect, but are scattered abroad through the various evangelical churches. These individuals believe that they are sowing the seeds of discord far and wide.

We have recently received from one of this character a pamphlet, from which we make a few extracts.

PUBLIC WORSHIP CONDEMNED.

How is the name and cause of Christ profaned in this day of superstition and worshipping him, by assembling together to hear preaching, attending prayer meetings, and other usages now so common and so much in vogue among empty professors, in which things they rest and boast themselves as the Scribes and Pharisees did, in their usages and performances, in our Saviour's time?

These empty, fashionable and useless ways of carrying on religion, have so blinded the eyes of both priests and people, that no man can be born to be baptized, join

of their sects, and frequent their numerous meetings,

they make a boast of their works, and think they have done great service in the cause of religion, (like the Scribes and Pharisees when they made a proselyte,) while at the same time it will bring gain to their quarters.

* * * * *

The more they attend these now fashionable places of resort, the more dark, blind, and alienated from God they become.

* * * * *

What now is called outward and public worship, seems indeed, the great strong hold of the *adversary of men's souls*, and by which they are held as with an iron grasp, and it is the last place will choose to yield up.

FAMILY PRAYER WICKED.

Not only what is called public worship, prayer meetings, &c., in this day, have become snare for the soul—but what is termed family prayer and saying grace as we practice them, are worse than useless—and but serve to make those who practice them think they are something, when they are nothing in the balance of the Lord's sanctuary.

* * * * *

Notwithstanding this truth, how hard it will be for professors in this day, to hear a testimony delivered against them.

The Review of Rev. Dr. Sprague's sermon, of which the following is an introduction, is by a justly distinguished gentleman of this city. We can assure our readers that whatever comes from his pen will be worthy a very careful perusal. The doctor, we trust, will learn that there is danger from not being wise enough, as well as from being over-wise.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

NO. I.

DANGER OF BEING OVER-WISE.—A sermon preached June 7th, 1835, in the Second Presbyterian Church in Albany; by William B. Sprague, D. D., Pastor of the said Church. Albany—printed by Packard & Van Benthuysen, 1835.

It is not our intention to examine any one of the opinions advanced by Dr. Sprague, in the first fourteen pages of his sermon, or of his son, on the "danger of being over-wise." We agree with this divine in the opinions which he has thus far advanced, and until he approaches, on the fifteenth page, that particular topic which we presume to have been the principal inducement for the preparation of this extraordinary discourse. We have read onward from the middle of the fifteenth page to the close, with a growing conviction that, whatever may be the perils attendant upon "being over-wise," the worthy doctor himself is in no immediate danger.

It is not wonderful, that this reverend divine, while

contemplating the publication of such a sermon as this, should anticipate the imputation of lukewarmness, at least, in the cause of the temperance reform. But the doctor goes farther; he expects to be called "a fool to the cause of temperance;" and he thinks it incumbent upon him to "repel the charge with religious indignation," before the accusation has been made. We propose to examine the few remaining pages of this discourse, rather after the fashion of a running commentary, than with such a measure of formality as might be required, if the discourse itself were more remarkable than it is, for its learning or logic.

Miss is preparing for a party, the carriage is waiting at the door—and still she lingers before the mirror adjusting her rich tresses; (i. e. beau catchers.) Dr. Sprague must now be permitted to speak for himself, when in comes a dear friend. Biting her lip with

contempt, at the same time forcing a smile, she exclaims—"Ah, I am extremely glad to see you!"

That's another thumper.

Madam has pickles or sausages to make, and is up to her eyes in pots and kettles, when Mrs. Somebody enters with her six little ones; all dressed off as if they had just been freed from a six months' imprisonment in a banty box. "Bless me! I'm extremely glad to see you!" It's a thumper, it's a downright

on this subject, is by modifying the ordinance to suit their own views; especially by inculcating the doctrine, or adopting the practice of dispensing with the appropriate elements, or by substituting something in place of them, which the Scripture does not warrant; or to come fully to the point which I now have more particularly in view, and on which the movements of the present day will not allow me to be any longer silent.—**THE EXCLUSION OF WINE FROM THE LORD'S SUPPER.** Do you say that it is impossible there should be any danger of such extravagance in an enlightened community like this, and that I am giving a false alarm, in expressing the opinion that there is danger? You shall know then the grounds of my apprehension, and judge for yourselves of their validity, in the first place, there are several churches in different parts of the country, which, if I am correctly informed, have actually adopted the measure, and are of course strongly committed to its defense and extension.—Here we must interrupt the doctor for one instant only. The heart is deceitful above measure. If churches, which have practised upon the solemn, conscientious belief, that wine is not essential at all, in the celebration of the Lord's Supper, are of course strongly committed" to its defense?

Let us suppose that we are to impute all of that is disengaging to the imputation of all that is disengaging, we desire to be explicit, and to say, that, if Dr. Sprague be himself accustomed to the moderate and habitual use of wine, we confess, in despite of that charity which hopefully and believably all things, that we should be more easily and more solemnly impressed by the declarations of a cold water man. Now we think it just and right to declare, in a Christian spirit, and in a gentlemanly and respectful manner, that we are given distinctly to understand, that the winter of this sermon is "the danger of being over-wise," in the habit of using wine, doubt, with becoming moderation. If such is not the fact, we shall take much pleasure in confessing our error, and crav ing the doctor's pardon. It may be asked, if our knowledge of the doctor's practice, in this particular, ought to have any influence upon our minds, in diminishing the weight of his arguments. Certainly not; we propose to examine them with care, and, we trust, in a candid spirit. But we cannot deny, that so much of the doctor's performance, and it is no small part of the whole—as consists, not of argument, but of awfully solemn denunciations against those who differ from him in their belief and practice, touching the use of wine at the communion;—much of it as all depends upon the strength, not of logic, but of language, has lost some portion of its power and effect, for the consideration we have stated. If we are correct in this statement, and we have not a shade of doubt upon the subject, we cannot recognize Dr. Sprague as a thoroughly well-known trait in human character, by which men are prompted to procure, by acts of devotion, indulgence for the commission of sin. If these lines should reach any of the owners or managers of the Bangor, or any of the passengers now referred to, we put it to their consciences to answer, how these things must appear in the eyes of their omniscient Judge.

Publish it—most certainly. It is an old saying, that "Corporations have no souls." They are merely bodies.

It is most evidently true. But we wish the owners of this boat had at least so much of an apology for one to cease running, in opposition to the feelings of the community, on the Sabbath.

TRAVELLING ON THE SABBATH.

"He is something, Mr. Editor, I wish you'd publish

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ELOQUENCE! ELOQUENCE!! ELOQUENCE!! Following kind, poetical, spirit-stirring paragraph, the prince of writers, George C. Parker. "The Methodists and Calvinists are as base and barbarous as their predecessors, the BLOODY and BRUTAL BROTHERS—the PILGRIM FATHERS!!" This assertion made by a foreigner, to foreigners. Let it be repeated:

"It is not inferred, that we class the Episcopalianians amongst the ignorant covenanters of this heretic Methodists and Calvinists, who are as base and as their execrable predecessors, the 'bloody' barbarians, designated, *par excellence*, the *Pilgrims*—seeds who, even in Boston, are deaf to the eloquence of painting, sculpture and architecture—who would not award encouragement to the arts, and the most touching music of pity from his lyre to the minds of sympathy—nay, if the groans of the aspoxon and his children, were to sound in their ears, and the weeping Niobe to bathe their hands in her tears, they would still be enemies to literature and the arts."

"—We have improved somewhat on brother Beecher's suggestion, and placed in our office a "Missionary," which will always be ready to receive the visits of our brethren, and shall be doubly useful to us by our newly adopted friend without respect of kind."

MONTHS IN THE HOUSE OF CORRECTION, is a parody upon Miss Reed's "Six Months in a Cell." It is a miserable, catch-penny affair, having in the apology of wit, about it. The price is fifty cents, but it is worth as many mills.

Author W. G. Snelling, formerly editor of the *New York Tribune*; let him have the honor of it.

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"I must, read it, if you please."

is from the *Zion's Advocate*.

OF A FEW VIOLETTS OF THE Sabbath accompanied some circumstances of aggression that that perpetrate the *Sabbath Bazaar*. This boat not only trav-

els the Sabbath, but leaves every traveler between New York and Bangor no other alternative than to violate Sabbath, or incur the double expense both of time and money on the Sabbath.

Is there not enterprise enough Sabbath-keeping community to put another boat on

the water? It is told in a Boston paper of 200 passengers on that boat, bound to New York by way of Bangor on June 7, and of their manner of spending the day, in hearing a sermon read, and partly in their barrels, but leave, furnishes another example of a singular ill-known trait in human character, by which men impeded to procure, by acts of devotion, indulgence of commission of sin. If these lines should reach any owners or managers of the Bangor, or any of the others above referred to, we put it to their consciences how, these things must appear in the eyes of conscientious Judge.

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in, in opposition to the feelings of the community, on Sabbath.

CAREFUL, BROTHER EDITOR.—The Juvenile Review has commenced a war against all the evils and vices of the day. Among them confectionaries are justly included. But brother Calebs worthy abuses the owners of these vices.

We would say, then—regard them as worthy citizens, unless there is some evidence against their moral character, but give no quarter to the pernicious stuff sold.

It was announced in New York that the *foreigners*, partially organized, would turn out on the 4th of July. They were offered if they did thus insult the country. The "O'Connell Guards" thought consequently, it would be wisest to stay at home.

At the session of the Canadian Conference, on the 10th Rev. E. Evans was appointed Editor of the Christian Standard in the place of Rev. E. Ryerson. The Guardian in 1810 there were 41 Methodist ministers and church members; now there are 100 of the former 15,106 of the latter.

The following beautiful specimen of candor and logical keenness is from the speech of Attorney General Austin, Mr. Cheever's trial.

THE MANUFACTURERS answerable for their abuse? * * * then the asking rum is bad, because, if it was not bad, the manufacturer of powder accountable for all the evils which result from its use? Is the maker of the pistol, with which a man has been committed, an accessory to the crime? Then he himself, which gave man a tongue, to be charged with the guilt of his improper use by the vile slanderer? He would inform Mr. Attorney General that it is not unbecoming, as such, but rum-selling, that gentlemen sitder bad. If distillers would keep their poison locked forever, no rection would be made to the distillation. But they know that every hogstom is to go out in world to aid in multiplying widows and orphans, and trench the earth with the scalding tears of woe.

[Correspondence of Zion's Herald.]

THE CONTEST BEGUN.

Beecher's Plea for the West—Quotations on its greatness—The Means of its Safety.

DEAR SIR—Dr. Beecher's long expected "Plea for the West," has at last made its appearance from the Cincinnati press. A second edition for the Atlantic cities has been printed, and just received in this city. It is the sermon which he preached with so much interest in the Eastern states some few months ago while on a tour in behalf of the Lane Theological Seminary. Its publication has been anxiously looked for on account of the important news it embodied in respect to American Proserity. I have read it. It lies before me on my desk, not a precious semblance of glittering gems, the sparkling trinketry of superficial thought, but the noble, high-minded thoughts of an old, masculine, Roman mind; thoughts as bold as the undeviating, and as substantial as the foundation granite mass of the world. I feel free to say that no prior publication has ever done so much to characterize of him. The discourse comprises four general topics, viz.: 1—What is required to secure the religious and civil prosperity of the West? 2—By whom it must be done. 3—How it must be done. 4—The motive to do it. These propositions, though plain in their expression, present a subject of gigantic proportions, and it is discussed and managed with a man's energy. Read the following observations on the West.

The territory is eight thousand miles in circumference, standing from the Alleghany to the Rocky Mountains, and from the Gulf of Mexico to the Lakes of the North; and it is the largest territory, and most beneficent in climate, and soil, and mineral wealth, and commercial facilities, ever prepared for the habitation of man, and qualified to sustain in prosperity and happiness the densest popula-

REPORT
of the Sabbath Schools in the New England Conference, June, 1835.

| No. of Schools. | No. of Pupils. | No. of Superintendents. | No. of Teachers. | No. of Libraries. | No. of Volumes. | No. of Bible Classes. |
|-----------------------|----------------|-------------------------|------------------|-------------------|-----------------|-----------------------|
| Boston District, 43 | 3019 | 55 | 525 | 41 | 6922 | 23 |
| Providence Dist., 23 | 1300 | 38 | 230 | 23 | 2725 | 14 |
| Springfield Dist., 37 | 370 | 39 | 229 | 29 | 2397 | 15 |
| N. London Dist., 25 | 1006 | 29 | 160 | 21 | 2056 | 8 |
| N. Bedford Dist., 32 | 2383 | 35 | 405 | 32 | 5223 | 14 |
| Amount, | 160 | 9150 | 188 | 1555 | 146 | 19523 |

DANIEL FILLMORE.

Boston, July 10, 1835.

The following "splendid Ode" was composed by that beautiful poet, Grenville Mellen, and sung at the 4th of July celebration at South Boston. Its eloquence and beauty pass not by our newly adopted friend without respect of kind.

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It is a miserable, catch-penny affair, having in the apology of wit, about it. The price is fifty cents, but it is worth as many mills.

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Take another of these eloquent passages on the same subject.

The great experiment is now making, and from its extent and rapid filling up, is making in the West, whether the perpetuity of our republican institutions can be reconciled with the spirit of independence.

The element of desolation will cover the land.

There is a spirit of the nation now.

It is the spirit of the nation now.

Poetry.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

MR. EDITOR.—The following lines from your poetical correspondent, were written several months since, and presented to a lady of this city. If you deem them worthy of the reputation of the fair author, you are at liberty to insert them in the Herald. J. W.

THERE IS A HOME.

BY MISS C. ALLEN.

There's a calm for the wearied mind,
A balm for the aching breast;
A place where the troubled find
A never-ending rest.

There's a home for the tempted soul,
There's peace for the wounded heart;
Where eternal ages roll,
There sores have no part.

There's a rest, where the homeless find
Repose from life's troubled dream;
Where no rude, buffeting wind,
Disturbs the hallowed scene.

That repose is beyond the tomb,
That home, the realms of the blest;
Where celestial rays illumine
The peace-enlightened breast.

There is the Almighty's throne,
There sainted spirits meet—
Together in that sacred dome,
Ascend His mercy seat.

"IT IS THE LORD."

The following is extracted from the "Gems of Sacred Poetry," and appears to us to express the genuine sentiments of a pious heart, while sorrowing under bereavement.

When I can trust my all with God,
In trial's fearful hour,
Bow all resigned, beneath his rod,
And bless his sparing power;
A joy springs up amid distress—
A fountain in the wilderness.

Oh! to be brought to Jesus' feet,
Though sorrows fix me there,
Is still a privilege; and sweet
The energies of prayer;

Though sighs and tears its language be,
If Christ be nigh and smile on me.

'Oh! blessed be the hand that gave;
Still blessed when it takes;
Blessed be he who sues to save,
Who heals the heart he breaks;
Perfect and true are all his ways,
Whom heaven adores and death obeys.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

THE SABBATH.

NO. V.

THE MAIL AND POST OFFICE.

MR. EDITOR.—American depravity, in regard to this point, is further developed in the enactments of her supreme legislature. Composed of men from the different States, elected to office by the voice of the people, and instructed how to act on the great leading subjects of deliberation, its voice is the voice of the nation; and from its decisions may be deduced the nation's principles and conduct. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

The enactments to which I refer, are those which require the carrying of the mail, and the opening of the post offices on the Sabbath. The only apology that can be offered is, it in some cases brings to half money, news, &c., one day sooner, and saves time. For identically the same reasons men travel, work, visit, and play on the Sabbath; so that every individual Sabbath-breaker finds in this law, what to him is at least a partial justification of his own sins. Thus, by an act of the Congress of this nation, we have denied the divine authority to govern us—we have not the right to make any man do what he does not do kindly. Instead of smiling, and kissing her, as I was wont to do, I sat the glass down very quick, and left the room.

After playing a short time, I went to bed without bidding my mother "good night;" but when alone in my room, in darkness and silence, I remembered how pale she looked, and how her voice trembled when she said, "Will not my daughter bring a glass of water for her poor sick mother?"

I went and brought her the water, but I did not do it kindly. Instead of smiling, and kissing her, as I was wont to do, I sat the glass down very quick, and left the room.

After playing a short time, I went to bed without bidding my mother "good night;" but when alone in my room, in darkness and silence, I remembered how pale she looked, and how her voice trembled when she said, "Will not my daughter bring a glass of water for her poor sick mother?"

I could not sleep; and I stole into her chamber to ask forgiveness. She had just sunk into an uneasy slumber, and they told me not to awaken her. I did not tell any one what troubled me, but stole back to my bed, resolved to rise early in the morning, and tell her how sorry I was for my conduct.

The sun was shining brightly when I awoke; and hurrying on my clothes, I hastened to my mother's room. She was dead!—she never spoke to me more—never smiled upon me again!—and when I touched the hand that used to rest upon my head in blessing, it was so cold it made me start. I bowed down by her side, and sobbed in the bitterness of my heart, I thought then I wished I could die and be buried with her; and, old as I now am, I would give worlds, were they mine to give, could my mother but have lived to tell me she forgave my childish ingratitude. But I cannot call her back; and when I stand by her grave, and whenever I think of her manifold kindness, the memory of that reproachful look she gave me, will "bite like a serpent, and sting like an adder."—*Juvenile Miscellany.*

GENERAL JACKSON.

Our kind friends had taken care to supply us with many letters of introduction for Washington, and among them was one for the President. If we had intended, there was no occasion to use it. An intimation was made by one of the household, that the President would have pleasure in receiving a call from us. It was of course accepted. It was in the evening of the day, and Mr. Post was with us. We were received with respect, but without formality.

The President is tall, full six feet in height. He stoops now, and is evidently feeble. The thermometer was at 72 degrees, but he was near a strong fire. He is 68 years of age. He is soldier-like and gentlemanly in his carriage; his manners were courteous and simple, and put us immediately at ease with him. He conversed freely; chiefly of the older country, as interesting to us. He expressed pleasure at the growing intimacy between the countries; at the arrival of ourselves as a deputation in evidence of this; and at the prospect there was of continued peace. He spoke of the banking question also without reserve. He thought there was a resemblance between the state of the monied interest in America, and its state with us in 1825, and was desirous of information. We conversed of it freely, and for some time. Without judging his opinions, with which, as they are political, I have nothing to do in this communication, my impression was, that he held them with a strong conviction that they were right, and beneficial for the country. After remaining about half an hour we took our leave, with very pleasant recollections of our interview.—*Reed and Matheson.*

AFFECTING SCENES.

FROM THE LIFE OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON, BY JOHN C. HAMILTON, HIS SON.

In a letter to Miss Schuyler, (afterwards Mrs. Hamilton,) he gives an account of the pursuit that he, in company with others, had to overtake Arnold, immediately after his detection. He thus writes respecting the situation in which he found Mrs. Arnold:—

I saw an amiable woman frantic with distress for the loss of a husband she tenderly loved—a traitor to his country and his fame—a disgrace to his connec-

tion. Profound my Sabbaths;" and if repentance be long delayed, it is to be feared, he may add, "therefore, I have poured out mine indignation upon you—I have consumed you with the fire of my wrath; you own ways have I recompensed upon your heads."

J. PORTER.

East Greenwich, July 7, 1835.

ZION'S HERALD.

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